

## The Future Saga - Chapter 1

by writinggoddess

Category: Buffy: The Vampire Slayer

Genre: Romance

Language: English

Status: In-Progress

Published: 2000-06-23 09:00:00

Updated: 2000-06-23 09:00:00

Packaged: 2016-04-27 20:59:47

Rating: K+

Chapters: 1

Words: 828

Publisher: [www.fanfiction.net](http://www.fanfiction.net)

Summary: 10 years in the future from the end of season 4 and season 1.

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><br>Disturbtion: NOWHERE except my zine and fanfiction.net - Otherwise, ASK

><br>Spoilers: If you have seen seasons 4 yet or season 1 of Angel, then, it spoils it somewhat.

><br>Summary: Read and you'll see.

><br>Rating: PG-PG13 just to be sure.

><br>Dedication: Myself, I am writing this ongoing saga based on a rpg I made up.

><br>Timeline: 10 years in the future from the end of season 4.

><br>Note: This is in the future, so many things aren't as they are now on the shows, so remember that please.

><br>Feedback: I'm BEGGING!

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><br>"Mommy?" six-year-old Trinity asked Buffy.

><br>"Are you okay?" she asked in her child-like voice full of concern.

><br>Buffy couldn't answer for she was being sick in the bathroom toilet.

><br>She wanted to die .... just die so she would stop being sick.

><br>It was a good thing Angel away on business or he'd have had her in the hospital weeks ago.

><br>She hated hospitals too.

><br>She washed her face when she was finally done and turned to her little black haired minature Angel and said, "I'm fine darling, now come on and I'll fix you ...," she swallowed hard, "breakfeast."



><br>She shuddered as they entered the kitchen, for it was a distaster area and she didn't have the strength to clean it up either; it would have to wait till she felt better, if they \*ever\* happened.

><br>"Mommy?"

><br>"Yes?"

><br>"Tell me about when you and Daddy got married and I was born. Pleasee," she pleaded.

><br>With a smile, Buffy began telling her the story she already knew so well for Buffy and Angel had told her at least a million times. Trinity loved the story and it would take her mind off of her problems.

><br>She began.

><br>"It was about seven years ago ... and your father and I had spoken in three years...."

><br>{Flashback}

><br>I have to see him, but your crazy Buffy, I thought to myself as I walked into Angel Investigations.

><br>"Angel..." was all I said.

><br>He looked up at me and my heart just ... melted.

><br>"What are you doing here?" he asked.

><br>"Visiting, I can visit, can't I? I ... I missed you, Angel," I confessed in a whisper.

><br>His face turned into one with massive pain and agony and it tore at my heart to see it, to know that I've always caused it.

><br>He walked over to me and lightly kissed my lips and smiled.

><br>"I've missed you too."

><br>My mind raced for an excuse to stay so I said the very first thing I thought of, "Would you like to go to a bar?"

><br>He looked confused for a second but agreed, thankfully, and we left.

><br>The events after that is hard to remember, I remember drinking till I was more than passed drunk and Angel carrying me inside his place and laying me on his bed.

><br>I remember him saying goodnight and me pulling him on top of me, pleading, begging for him to stay with me and make love to me.. Although he wasn't drunk, now, when I look back, I think he was on love.

><br>We didn't think, think about his soul or anything.

><br>He made hot, long, passionate love to me all night and I reveled in it, taking it down to my very soul.

><br>The next day, I left before he woke, confused, ashamed of what we had done, or rather, what I had done.

><br>He tried to contact me off and on for months but I didn't respond.

><br>You see, it had paid his debt to society and had became human, just with his natural strength so him turning into Angelus hadn't been a problem that night.

><br>But me becoming pregnant was.

><br>8 months later, there was a knock at my door and when I opened it, there he stood, as furious as I'd ever seen him. He knew...

><br>He was about to explode, I know, when I went into labor a month early.

><br>He rushed me to the hospital where I gave birth to a healthy, 4 pound, female baby.

><br>We named her Trinity.

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><br>Weeks later, after I had recovered my figure and from the birth



itself, Angel and I got married, everyone was there.  
><br>I walked down the aisle in white, silk falling over my  
shoulders like milk.  
><br>Angel, he looked so gorgeous in his striking, form fitting, tux.  
While I walked up the aisle the only thing I wanted to do was eat  
him up, literally.  
><br>On our honeymoon, well, it was paradise, heaven, hell, and  
eternity all in one.  
><br>Angel also promised me and made me promise that we'd never speak  
of I not telling him about the baby again. He had forgiven me and  
that was that.  
><br>{End OF Flashback}  
><br>Buffy blinked.  
><br>She smiled too. She loved him very much.  
> <p><p>

End  
file.